

The Brethren Evangelist.

PUBLISHED AT
THE BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.

"Let Us go on Unto Perfection."

TERMS, \$1.50
PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME X.

ASHLAND, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1888.

NUMBER 36.

Bad Prayers.

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knees about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy his luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble
shed.
I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home, to say,
"If want o'ertake you, come to me."
I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.
I do not like to hear her pray
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.
I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven—
No angel wing them upward bears:
They're lost a million miles from
heaven.

—Hartford Times.

Spiritual Tonics.

There are times when the body becomes dull, the physical system has run down, the circulation is slow, tonics are essential. They stimulate the wheels of the body better, and life returns to its normal condition, all things being equal. What is true of the body is true of the soul. It becomes dull sometimes. The spiritual circulation is slow, the mind is heavy, the outlook is dark, circumstances seem adverse. The whole individual drops, is ready to give up. Tonics—spiritual tonics are needed. The soul must be aroused, the mind quickened, hope brightened and faith strengthened. God sometimes sends these tonics direct. If taken according to directions they will bring about a cure. God sometimes allows us to take them. If we do our duty, good must follow. Whether we get them direct or indirect they will move us out of our sloth and unconcern.

Disappointment is a tonic. A failure to meet an expectation. We plan our work, we build our castles, we form our theories, but our plans are not worked. Foundations are not put under our castles, our theories are never put into practice, our expectations are not realized, disappointments fall to our lot; our eyes fill with tears, our throats are choked with sobs, our hearts are burdened with sorrow. Ah! what disappointments have we had, in our homes, in our business, in our churches. Disappointment seems to be the lot of all, but if accepted with resignation, they become tonics for the soul. We learn how frail is life, how brief are its days, how fickle are its inhabitants, how transient its so-called joys. Our hopes are fastened upon the eternal, and as the world weakens, heaven strengthens, and the soul expands.

Sickness is a tonic. Sin, through some form of disease, takes hold of the system; it is burnt by fever or racked by pain. Neither innocent childhood, mature manhood, nor ripe old age is free from it. The race, in Adam and Eve, violated the laws of God and nature, and the consequences follow, yet they do us

good. When in health, feeling strong, man becomes self-confident. He thinks he can control nature and defy her laws. He becomes careless, proud, and gets away from God; sickness develops. We learn how frail we are; what a little thing will snatch us from the track of prosperity to the track of adversity. We are enabled to take surroundings and find our latitude and longitude. We measure the distance we have gone on life's journey. Our souls free from the weights that drag them down, are made to rely on a higher power; we feel like saying with Isaiah: "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." The small depending on the great, we are able to grow in grace, the system toned up, we renew our strength and mount up as on the wings of eagles.

Bereavement is a tonic. We love our friends, so does death. It is said death loves a shining mark, usually he claims the brightest and the best. Before death comes how dull we get, how far off heaven seems, how unreal the future home, how cold the name of heaven, how inspired conversation concerning its beauties. The soul needs a tonic. The pleasures and business of the world has caused it to run down to a low ebb. Death comes. The form we love is shrouded and coffined, the services are concluded, the benediction pronounced, and the grave filled. Dust has returned to dust, heaven has gained a gem. After we wipe our eyes and enter on our home duties and take up the thread of business, how great the change. There is pain, but the dullness has gone. Heaven seems nearer and more real; our hearts warm when heaven is mentioned; we love to talk of its beauties and feel that we are linked to that place, a prepared place for a prepared people. Bereavement is a grand tonic for the soul.

All tonics are bitter. Sugar is not a predominating element. The best tonics are not sweet to the taste. Disappointments, sickness, bereavement, etc., are bitter to take. The hours are long, the time passes slowly, yet, if patience is allowed to have her perfect work, good will even come out of waiting. Let us take the tonics as they come, bitter though they be. Let us wait, for all things come round to those who work and pray and wait; and as strength comes slowly back, consecrate body, mind and soul to God, the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

The Des Moines, Iowa, Register says: "The two cities in the State that are having most prosperity, doing the most building, and investing the most money in solid improvements this year, are Des Moines and Sioux City, two places from which the balloons are banished forever."

Advance.

How is this, brother editor? Just at the time when nearly the whole brotherhood are praying and laboring to pay for the College that we may have an institution of learning in which to educate and send out such men as Paul, who would be able to stand before princes and rulers and Christianize a sinful world, several of our prominent brethren are diverting the attention of the members to feasts, the covering, feet washing, etc. Would it not be much better for the cause of Christ if these brethren would go to work for the College, and to preaching repentance and baptism to the sinner?

Paul was so busy preaching Christ and salvation to the people that these matters over which these brethren are worrying and wasting their energies were scarcely referred to. Paul says, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." Let us say the same and step up on the broad gospel platform that Paul stood upon.

Sticklers never have accomplished much in the way of reforming the world or extending the church. Let us all go to work and pay for the College. We can easily do it if all will work. We will then have a first-class institution of learning. Our ministers will then be able to step out in the sunlight of our modern civilization and carry the gospel around the world; and instead of hammering away for nearly two centuries to build up a church of fifty or sixty thousand members from the billion and a quarter of people on the globe, they would at least be able to convert a few hundred thousand.

ADVANCE.

Aug. 31.

Roanoke, Va.

I took a trip recently to Shenandoah county, Va. Bro. E. B. Shaver made his house my home while at Maurertown. He taught me more about trine immersion, feet washing and the complete supper than I ever heard of before. I'm chuck full of doctrine now—"heaped up, shaken down and running over;" so look out for me. I'm liable to appear at any hour of the day or night and preach a doctrinal sermon.

At Maurertown a middle aged man gave himself to the Lord at our meeting and remained after the congregation was dismissed, and a special season of prayer was held for him.

I delivered a Prohibition lecture at Maurertown, to a full house

I went out to see dear old Bro. George Rinker among the mountains and found the camp ground and a large tent to preach in. I went at it in the name of the Lord and several persons were converted. Among the number were three of the leading young men of the place. Two will join the church. A dismissed member came back truly penitent and we were all glad. "No place like home." A middle

aged Presbyterian woman heard so much of our distinctive doctrines that she decided to sever her connection with the Presbyterian church, receive trine immersion and join the Progressives. Several others were converted and will doubtless be received into the church at the next appointment. A baptismal service was held on deacon Pangle's farm; the most solemn and impressive I ever witnessed. The brother was born on the camp ground, and was not afraid to stand up like a man and give God the glory. I like to hear them testify as soon as they are born. Went from the camp ground to Reliance where Bro. George Rinker lives. Preached that night and several succeeding nights. Several persons came out on the Lord's side—principally young ladies. Had a baptismal service and received one of the young ladies into the church. The others will be immersed soon and received into the church. Under one of my sermons at Reliance a leading young man of about twenty-five years of age, arose for prayer, gave himself up to the Lord and is going to receive trine immersion at the hands of Bro. Shaver or Bro. Rinker soon.

While at one place in Shenandoah Co., Va., I was pleasantly associated with a United Brethren brother who made a very able address in one of my meetings. He has a call to the ministry, is a middle-aged man of fine appearance, has fine talents as a public speaker, is a man of superior intelligence, and has a wonderful knowledge of the scriptures. He is a power for good and stands high in the community where he lives. I spent a season at his house the day before I left. He and his good wife treated us kindly, and he decided to withdraw from the United Brethren church at once, and thought he could feel more at home working in our denomination. His address is Rev. Bingham, Reliance, Shenandoah Co. Va. If any of our churches need his help this fall or winter, don't be afraid to write to the good brother on the subject. As he is a good minister of Jesus Christ, and has only himself, wife and daughter in the family, I should think he would be just the man for some of our churches.

The night before I left Reliance Bro. E. B. expressed a desire to hear me preach a doctrinal sermon, so I waded in and preached on trine immersion, feet washing, and the complete supper, and gave them my own personal experience, how the Lord had led me into these doctrines. I thought some men in the congregation did not look like farmers, rather nicely dressed for working people. At the conclusion of the services I was informed that lo and behold! two Lutheran ministers and a United Brethren minister had listened to my discourse. I knew that E. B. Shaver, dear Bro. George Rinker, and Bro. Bingham were

listening to it, but I supposed they were the only ministers present. However, I was mistaken. Bro. E. B. Shaver, the next time you put up a job of that kind on me I'll talk to you. I am not ashamed or afraid to advance our distinctive views, but when I'm to preach to a bench of preachers again, I want to know it in advance, so I can knock off the rough edges of my discourse.

The last night I preached at Reliance four more grown persons came out on the Lord's side, three of whom desired to be immersed and join the Progressive church.

It made my heart ache to bid adieu to the Brethren in Shenandoah Co. I felt like taking them all together in my arms and giving them an old-time farewell.

I reached Roanoke just in time for supper, and the place and people looked better to me than ever before. Roanoke is good enough for me. Bro. Ed. and Sister Mary Nininger and the family gave me an old-time welcome. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

ELDER JERROLD.

Truth.

Truth is beautiful as well as safe and mighty. In the incident related below a boy twelve years old, with only truth as a weapon, conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer who was fighting for a bad cause.

"Truth is the highest thing that man may keep," and the noblest child or man is he who keeps the truth ever between his lips.

Walter was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but, if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.

Elkhart, Ind., Cleveland, Ohio, and other points are now violently agitated over the transgression of the Sunday laws. There is now coming upon this country a contest between sin and infidelity on one side, and religion on the other. Sunday is made the chief day of sin in the cities large and small. The supremacy of the law is vital to Christianity and all gospel christians should take strong grounds on the side of maintaining respect for the law.

Eleven members of the School Board of Boston, Mass., are Roman Catholics, and recently Swinton's Outlines of History was excluded from the public schools because it mildly stated a historical fact about the sale of indulgences by Pope Leo X.

"Some years ago Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of asthma after the best medical skill had failed to give me relief. A few weeks since, being again troubled with the disease, I was promptly relieved by the same remedy."—F. S. Hassler, Editor Argus, Table Rock, Neb.